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California GARDEN

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1942

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NASTURTIUM

I love the bold nasturtium.
May be in soft July
With all our pinks and marigolds,
We pass this straggler by.
But when the summer flowers have bloomed
And passed with autumn's close
And clinging dews of winter chill
The fuchsia and the rose
This doughty little yellow bloom
In hues all bright and gay
Peeps up above its tender leaves
And drives the gloom away.

—Etta Florence Adair.

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will speak

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Landscaping for Defense . . .

Eric E. Eastman

We are accustomed in the West and particularly in California, to rapid changes and developments, yet the extent and rapidity with which the Defense Housing Projects in the San Diego area sprang into being nevertheless is astonishing. It would seem that this accomplishment could only be rivalled in rapidity by the development of boom towns during the "Gold Rush" days when, according to legend, towns sprang up "overnight." Even these boom-towns, however, consisted only of a few dozen houses—or a few hundred—at the most. Our San Diego Housing Projects on the contrary run into thousands of houses and other structures; with water, electricity, gas, sanitary features, and all the other things—such as roads—which are essential to a modern city and our usual way of life. Hence this development is probably unparalleled in the history of California.

To one who was absent from the city during the early period of development of these projects, the one at Linda Vista Mesa is probably the most astounding. Where, a year ago, only native grasses grew sparsely among the buckwheat, chamise, dusty miller, sage, holly, ceanothus and a host of other native bushes, in July there was a little city of three thousand homes with paved streets and a traffic officer directing traffic! The development seemed impossible, even though it was right before one's eyes. And a little farther down the road was the development of the Marine Corps project, Camp Elliott, no less marvelous, though it is but one of the twenty-seven defense establishments in San Diego. The housing projects number nearly a dozen, with more in the offing. These defense projects, coupled with the aircraft factories, are the most outstanding and interesting man-made features in San Diego today.

The story of this development has gone out to all the world, and callers to San Diego put the visiting of these projects as the number one item on their must-see lists. As a consequence they are frequently the first part of our city that is seen—and as first impressions are the most lasting, our visitors may leave with the impression that San Diego is merely and essentially a "defense town," hurriedly raised from the brush as a shelter from the not always too gentle elements, and which will pass away after the "emergency," leaving only a "busted" town with a few good hotels and fishing facilities to attract Eastern tourists.

This impression is heightened by the lack of landscaping in some cases; and by the lack in age of plantings; or character of plantings, in other instances. It would seem desirable to hasten in every way possible, proper — which also includes appropriate—landscaping. This is desirable not only for the good of the reputation of the city, but also for the morale of the boys in the camps, and the defense workers in the projects. This latter is because many of these men and families are but recently come from northern and central, and even eastern states, and therefore are accustomed to the presence of trees and lush vegetation. When they find themselves quartered on a cleared spot on the brow of a treeless hill, or some other place that to them is equally unfamiliar and vegetatively unattractive; they at once begin to long for the old home, and the younger and less experienced they are the greater the longing becomes.

Landscaping, fortunately, is an art—which presumably means that everyone is entitled to his own conception of what is desirable, and has the right to express his appreciation at will, regardless of the judgment of critics and the world. Hence artistic license permits an opinion as to what might best be done to landscape the defense projects.

As the basis for such development, the two fundamentals of time and place might be used. The time factor is rather obvious—to secure an immediate and flash effect that will hide the newness of these establishments with attrac-

tive vegetation, in the shortest possible space of time. There is a considerable number of available plants, many of them colorful, that will accomplish this purpose and at the same time be adapted to, or harmonize with, the landscaping plan.

The place factor is most likely to be neglected, for newcomers and others are likely to think of planting materials in terms of their old homes and experience elsewhere. To us it is not only a futility, but also undesirable to attempt to create a replica, or a landscape design of an eastern or northern condition. This country is unique, and its attractiveness from the standpoint of landscaping is usually traceable to the harmonizing of the subtropical possibilities with the historic—taking into consideration the limitations of soil and water according to locality. In fact, to deviate far from the Mediterranean types of plantings usually is either ultimately disastrous or very expensive—occasionally both. And sometimes a little ridiculous.

For these reasons it is to be hoped, and we trust that the landscaping of these projects may not only be immediately instituted on a large and comprehensive scale, but also that the planning and selection of materials may be made by those having the necessary local qualifications to assure a finished job worthy of the opportunity and the occasion. With our world-famous Balboa Park as a nearby-example, for comparison, this is no small nor insignificant undertaking; but it is worth-while, for many of these establishments are of a permanent character, and thousands of men and families will be influenced by the landscaping which is done, or not done. In order not to be disappointed; hope for the best—and expect the worst: for here East and West shall meet, and the outcome no man knoweth beforehand.

Eric E. Eastman

Director Public Relations
San Diego Chamber of
Commerce

TEXAS WILDFLOWERS

Californians en route to Mexico, or taking the southern highway east, must pass through Texas and will find that in that state as well as in California, some wild flowers are in bloom every day of the year. There is a reason for this. If you look at a colored map of the soils of the United States you will see more colors in Texas and California than in any other states. This is the equivalent of saying that they contain more kinds of soil and a wider variation of habitats than the other states. If there are no flowers in some of these exposures, there are sure to be some in others.

Books on Texas wild flowers are all too few, as any wild flower addict traveling in that state soon discovers, so that the addition of Texas Wild Flower Legends is most welcome. It is written by that state's Poet Laureate, Nancy Richey Ranson. Each flower gets a picture, a poem and several paragraphs of description as well as the legend. It is published by The Kaleidograph Press, Dallas, Texas, and costs $1.50. There are not enough botanical names in it to scare off the amateur and the simplicity with which the author handles her subject makes this book especially appealing to children.

—Lester Rowntree.

THE CODE OF THE GENTLEMAN GARDENER

Sometimes I still yearn for a small garden in which I might know every flower by name and nature. A large garden easily gets out of hand, like overbold enterprises and ambitions of any kind . . .

I have no envy, certainly, of those horticultural royalists who never discover how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a cutworm nibbling the roots of your antirrhinums . . . They are welcome to their simple and expensive pleasures. But they are denied the satisfaction of groveling in the dirt with fork and trowel, the reward of raising a sensitive salpiglossis or bashful lobelia, the thrill of the battle with the beetle and all the peaceful pleasures of the watering can.

Nor are they members in good standing of the great brotherhood of gentlemen gardeners, an international fraternity bound in friendship by mutual sympathies and understanding, who speak their own language, practice a communal charity and recognize their own code of etiquette.

It is correct, for example, to admire your friend's seedling asters and aquilegias, though they may look like weeds in an abandoned brickyard. In return your friend is required to pay a visit someday and admire your seedlings. Good gardeners will exchange gifts, such as cuttings of Sweet William or clumps of iris, but must not inquire what happened to them when they call again. No gardener may say to another that the place looks poorly now, "but you should have seen it a week ago." It is tacitly agreed among gardeners that the garden never looks as well today as it did last week or will next week.

A garden-minded visitor, moreover, must share his host's imaginative enthusiasms for what the place will look like when it is finished, which means never. After which both may call it a day and see what's in the icebox.—From "My Own Four Walls," by Don Rose. (New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

GIFT

We are delighted beyond measure. We have just received a beautiful gift, but even more than the gift, we appreciate the lovely and loving thought that sent it.

The gift is a handsome set of Burbank's well known Flower Books, bound in fine leather and beautifully tooled. The thought was that of our dear friend, Louis A. Blochman, who now resides in San Francisco and who wished us to have this exquisite set, his dearest possession, while he might still participate in our pleasure.

Mr. and Mrs. Blochman were old San Diegans and lived here for

many years. They were an energetic couple and entered heartily into any and every movement making for Civic Settlement. They were both enthusiastic members of the young Floral Association, and were very active and successful Floriculturists on their own account.

Mrs. Blochman passed away in San Diego, some years ago, but we are pleased to know that Mr. Blochman still resides in San Francisco, though his thoughts, as evidenced by his gift, often find their way to San Diego.

We thank him more than we can say, and ask for him "long life and happiness."

—Julius Wangenheim

NOW THE WEED

Dr. C. C. Albers, University of Texas professor, grows weeds in his garden here.

While neighbors are busy weeding their home truck patches, Dr. Albers watches the strange growths in his plot with pride.

He is pharmacologist of the university's college of pharmacy and his hobby is attempting to raise medicinal herbs.

Among his prized "weeds" is a row of MaHuang. It is a plant from which ephedra, an asthma medicine, is extracted. This country's supply is imported largely from China.

Also thriving in his "weed" garden is coriander, which yields a tasty seed often found in the center of candy. It is source also of an aromatic oil flavoring.

Wormwood, a prime constituent of vermouth and liniments, grows in his garden. So does wormseed, basis of a remedy for worms.

The drug patch is about one-fourth the size of an ordinary city lot. In it are crowded plants from many countries and climes. Fennel, chicory, madder, garden rue and many plants for which medicinal uses still are obscure are cultivated here.

From his experimental weed farming, Dr. Albers foresees a possible new industry in Texas—drug farming.

Refugees in Safekeeping . . .

By Kate Archibald

Refugee orchids from England are finding a home in the United States. More than 7,000 of them, many of them rare hybrids, have come to rest in the Beall Greenhouses on Vashon Island in Puget Sound with the young "orchid hunter," Ferguson Beall. Ferguson Beall knows orchids as they grow in the jungles of Central and South America, where he has gone to search them out, and knows how to "baby" these English aristocrats who have arrived so dejected, their leaves often containing bits of shattered glass like so much shrapnel. They respond quickly to kind treatment.

It was after he had come home to his father's greenhouses from college and it was found that long-distance dealings with dealers were not always satisfactory, that he said one day, "Why don't we go get our own?"

Since then he has gone into the forests of Guatemala, Honduras, and Costa Rica, to the head waters of the Amazon, and up the sides of the Andes, searching out the cattleyas of the tropics or the smaller odontoglossums.

For transportation he has used burros, mules, and flying machines, or gone afoot. At times he has gone through hardships, only to bring back a single plant; on other occasions he has found them growing thickly in one spot.

* * *

Mr. Beall has found that orchids need a greenhouse environment that simulates their natural habitat in matters of temperature and shade. One kind which grew originally in a cool climate, but under hot sunshine, thrives in a cool greenhouse placed on an elevated platform so as to bring it close to the glass roof where the sun's heat is intensest.

"They seem temperamental and fussy," Mr. Beall explains, "until after they have been seen growing naturally. It is not enough to know that a certain orchid needs heat without a knowledge of the steaming jungle heat in which it grew originally, or that another needs moisture without realizing that it once grew on a cliffside under the spray from a waterfall. One may know that an orchid grew up so many feet on a mountain side, but he must also know whether it grew on the arid or rainy side. It is not enough to know that one kind is used to rain without knowing whether it was a warm mist or a cold drizzle."

Passing from one of the Beall orchid houses to another is to go from one extreme to another of light, humidity, and temperature, from the simulated deep shade of forests into the dry,light atmosphere of great elevations. "Cold orchids" are mostly grown on their island nurseries, orchids which even air-conditioning cannot protect in a too warm climate.

The collection is broadly grouped into the cattleyas — the large, showy ones including most of the English strains—and the odontoglossums, smaller orchids, that are apt to grow in sprays, of a mottled mauve and lavender or green, and including a baby orchid from Guatemala. Then there are rare blue orchids from the South Seas, one from Tibet, another from Burma Road.

* * *

The joy of cultivating orchids is in "fussing" with them, in building up strains, hybridizing. In the jungle, only 10 per cent of the seeds survive. while in the greenhouse only 10 per cent are lost. It all takes patience. Some are described as "touchy," while others are "easy to get on with." But, having had patience, there is the thrill that comes from the result of painstaking hybridizing, in cultivating a permanent fragrance, in adding a little more yellow to the throat of one and producing good

(Continued on Page 9)

COMPLICATIONS and COMMENT

Call this chitter, but not tattle—call it gossip, call it prattle—
But whate'er may be its name, call it fun—
This garden game!

BULBOUS PULCHRITUDE

Tulbaghia violacea from the Transvaal has come to our garden by way of Pacific Beach and Max Matoucek. It came abloom in October, although authorities I find give it spring for flowering. The rather deep, violet-purple stars are held erect on 15" sturdy stems emerging from a close, allium-like aggregate or crown mass. The foliage is lush, the leaves narrow strap shaped, much like in texture and of the appearance of Triteliea, the spring starflower, but held upright. It is supposed to smell of onion when crushed, but has a decided odor of turnip to this observer and not at all unpleasant to a proemial farmer.

This should make a very passable perennial in these southern regions where persisting herbaceous subjects are scarce. One can only conjecture as to why it is not known more generally . . . there must be a reason, if none other than that time worn "overlooked". A well drained friable, more or less open soil with any amount of sun seems indicated. This plant produced seventeen seeds that look to be viable and are available to first callers who will take the trouble to send a self-addressed envelope to box 323, San Diego, Calif. —R.S.H.

DECLARATION

Henry Van Dyke's creed was this:

These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills;
Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmuring little rills,
Shadow of clouds that swiftly pass.
And, after showers,
The smell of flowers
And of the good brown earth;
And, best of all, along the way,
Friendship and mirth.

Marcella R. Darling.

FLOWER GOSSIP

As Reported by A. Microbe

Little Miss Violet put on the Monkshood and went into the Golden Glow of evening to listen to the Canterbury Bells. Then Miss Marigold said: "Johnny-Jump-Up and play Love-in-a-Mist on the Viola."

When there was Snow-on-the-Mountain Jack-in-the-Pulpit a-Rose and tried to Wake-Robin at Four-O'Clock, while Lily-of-the-Valley played with Sweet Alyssum. Anchusa said Petunia would make a beautiful Night-Shade for Dame Rocket and her Adders-tongue.

A Ragged Sailor gave Lady's Slippers to Polyanthus, saying with a Bleeding-Heart, "Forget-Me-Not Pandoria ere I take Myal and Pereshia."

That Dusty Miller gave little Marguerite a Mock Orange. She thought he lacked Honesty, the old Crowberry.

A Wandering Jew, smoking a Dutchman's Pipe, and carrying a Chinese Lantern, bought Stocks. His anguish was Everlasting. He now takes Garlic under the Joshua-tree with the Devils-Paintbrush.

Bouncing Bet, flourishing her Broom, said it was Thyme that Myrtle learned Obedience and Thrift and stopped Trailing the Arbutus about so much with that Daffy-Down-Dilly.

Mrs. M. D. Bennett,
Washington, D.C.

For the information of librarians and others who keep files, there was no January 1942 issue of the California Garden.

CACTUS

Edward E. Pescott of Melbourne, Australia, writes of Prickly Pear and its use for shelter in more or less arid regions. This comes to us in Desert Plant Life, published in Pasadena, California.

It seems that there have been spineless types known there for many years and it was from among these species that Luther Burbank obtained his spineless cactus through selection. Cattle is reported there as feeding on these leaves or joints and "good money" was made by a Mr. J. M. Rutland who re-introduced these selections to Australia, paying Mr. Burbank as much as one thousand dollars each for a joint of several varieties.

What a pity American cows are so unappreciative. They are like

---

Hattie Rumbleshucks says . . .

". . . if your backyard's a garden it's never finished" that is, in the sense of complete. You can't get away from life . . . life goes on until the end and if you have been living, the end finds much that has not been completed. One's garden carries the warp and woof, the very pattern of one's place in the natural scheme. It is our contact with the infinite and that which we are stems back to the soil whence we came. And speaking of soil . . . "when you cultivate rocks so long you get hard, and mebbe a little twisted in the head. Ever so often in the story of the human race, lean people like this have come down from the mountains or out from a rocky shore to spread with force over pleasant fertile plains. An' the fat burghers there have a hard time for awhile, workin' the rolls out of the belly abeatin' up their potato forks into knives. That's what's happenin' now. Moreover, thinkin' the thing through . . . whichever one prevails, in time there's another peaceful people to take suthin' from . . . 's about time we 'pointed a policeman."

the rest of us. The fat of this marvelous land is in our pocket, so to speak, and a poorer fare goes a-begging. It is to be regretted also that Mr. Burbank didn't test this out before he sold the material up and down the length of the land in small lots and large which may be seen to this day cluttering up good land . . . land, good as it is, falling short of making the clearing of it a money proposition. These cows!

We have the Indian-fig, the fruits of which are edible. Lakeside in San Diego County has a commercial planting of modest proportations. Mr. Pescott speaks of this pear:

"The best pear is the 'Indian-fig'; this is known as **Opuntia ficus-indica.** It is probably the largest and strongest grower of all the family. It produces very large joints or 'plates,' and it is almost spineless. It produces large orange colored 'pears,' often three inches in length. This one is grown in Barbary and Tunis both for hedges and for fruit production. Of this pear the late J. H. Marden, Government Botanist of New South Wales, said: 'It will never be a pest, because stock readily feed on it; moreover, the individual plants are large and separate, and hence can readily be destroyed if possible'."—R.S.H.

GHOST TREE

The curious Chile pine, a ghost tree from out of the ages before man, now is found in many sections of the world, having been transplanted in numerous formal gardens because of its unusual appearance.

Another ancient tree botanically is Ginko biloba or maidenhair tree, coming from China. This will be found rarely in Southern California and while it is of very slow growth, it makes an attractive specimen.

It too is of the pine family, but never would be recognized as such. The two-lobed flattened, curiously formed leaves look like those of the maidenhair fern. Look closely and you will see the needles of a pine in the leaf serving and appearing much as a vein, the "webbing" of the leaf enclosing.

Gleanings from the Magazines

By Vivian W. Scott

"Sub-Tropical Gardening" reprints The History of the Camellia Family from the National Horticultural Magazine of October 1941. The present spurt in popularity harks back over nearly 100 years of quiescence to the final half of the 19th Century. During this long interval when Camellias were out of favor many varieties lost their labels. There does not seem to be in English any complete and accurate historical account of how the Camellia spread from the Orient to its wide development and distribution in Western Europe and America by the beginning of the 19th Century.

Botanically, the Camellia is an Asiatic member of the tea family. Its introduction into European gardens was evidently a by-product of the attempts of numerous 18th Century Europeans, including the great Linnaeus, to bring the tea plant of commerce into occidental cultivation. The crafty Chinese were not anxious to give up the true tea plant and thus lose the sale of tea. Hence plants, which closely resemble those of the tea plant, were substituted.

The first Camellia to reach America was apparently the single red type which John Stevens of Hoboken, New Jersey, imported from Europe in 1797. Three years later, Michal Floy brought a plant of the double white variety from England to add to Mr. Stevens collection. There is also the legend that the first camellias reached the neighborhood of Charleston, S.C. before 1785 through the Agency of Andre Michaux, a plant collector, sent out from France. Three varieties, supposed to be original Michaux plants, are still alive in Middleton Place. Gardeners are interested principally in but two of the approximately 45 species of Camellias which have been found in tropical and sub-tropical Asia—**Camellia japonica** and **Camellia sasanqua.** Linneaus published the name, "Camellia," in his "Genera Plantarum" in 1737, without reference to the man who was being commemorated. Without doubt, the genus was named in honor of George Joseph Kamel, who was born in 1661 in the City of Brunn, now in Czechoslovakia.

The most complete, and the only exclusively American treatment of the subject, was written by Robert J. Halliday and published in Baltimore in 1880. For years it remained the last significant contribution to important Camellia literature.

"Trees" has a very timely article in the use of trees in camouflage. In the present war, the entire nation and every living inhabitant is involved. Camouflage is one of the most important of all passive defense measures. Most of the camouflage in the last war was paint, collected brush, and other means of disfiguring. Trees and natural foliage are obviously of prime importance in any camouflage scheme. The plan is to attempt to blend the object into the surroundings. Trees are of exceptional value, hiding and diffusing outlines of objects on the ground. A well planned village with scattered trees is largely obscured from the air. This publication suggests it would be a fine thing for San Diego to plant a five mile curving shoreline around Mission Bay with Phoenix Canariensis Palms, 100 feet apart.

"Golden Gardens" has an article by Dudley S. Corlett on wild flowers in Morocco, which gives us a different picture from the one which most people have of Morocco. The climate resembles California, but with double the rainfall from the middle of October to the end of May. In 1941 it had 54 inches accompanied by cold and high winds. The rest of the year is dry and the temperature never too hot. There is no fog. Though not as spectacular as California's display of wild flora, individually the flowers are more showy. They commence in November with lavender autumn crocus and a dwarf delicate white narcissus. There are

several kinds of blue scilla. January sees the early calla which is very prolific. Spanish iris in blue and yellow or royal purple and orange follow. March has wild hawthorn, and April is the peak of wild flowers in Tangier. The pageant goes on through May.

It is suggested that we have a convalescent ward for our potted plants. They can not be in a state of perfection all the time. After they have made a substantial contribution to your garden, they must have a rest and chance to rebuild strength for another showing.

Two magazines I looked over had articles on Herb Cookery, so I feel we are going to have more Herb gardens and more subtle cooks. "Gardener's Chronicle" has a mouth watering article by Esther Grayson. Miss Grayson says there are two schools. One likes to bemuse their guests with a multitude of strange and confusing flavors and the second, more conservative group which believes herbs should be used sparingly. There are two herbs on which one cannot go wrong, and they are grown indoors and out. They are parsley and chives. They have found parsley a vitamin food.

The "Cactus and Succulent Journal" for November has a beautiful picture of a Joshua tree, the oldest living thing on the desert. Mrs. Albert Sherman Hoyt of Pasadena has untiringly worked for the "Joshua Tree National Monument." In 1936, President Roosevelt put aside about 880,000 acres in Riverside and San Bernardino counties in Southern California and gave this section the name "Joshua Tree National Monument." The Cactus Society is urging friends to petition their representatives that the area may soon be formally dedicated so that by placing it under government protection, depredation may cease.

Mrs. Andrews reports in "Horticulture" on her experience with the "All American" glamour flowers of the last three years. She feels that the committee does good work but should carry it further to the

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This Churchyard of the Living

—AN INVENTORY

By VIVIAN M. SALE

The north border against church wall possesses some of the same features as the east border; in place of Bananas, however, are two Dracenas — straight trunked palm like trees which have a semi-tropical appearance and harmonize well with buildings of Spanish type of architecture. Another kind of Fuschia is represented here; Fuschia triphylla which flowers very freely, its flowers of a wonderful cinnabar-red. In this north border are also other kinds of begonias; a tuberous begonia which vanishes completely out of sight in winter but shoots up in spring sending forth bright green and beautifully shaped leaves, adorned later on with small orange colored flowers. There is also a large variegated leaved variety of begonia, its blooms of pink and white. "Aaron's Beard (a saxifrage) and Oxalis are also new features in this border; a quaint little plant which should be mentioned is dwarf thrift—a wee round mound of slender grasslike foliage from which shoot up short stems upon each of whose summits blooms a small round pink flower. Two shrubs also in this border should be referred to, namely, Hypericum moserianum—a lowgrowing shrub with glorious large yellow flowers with a very beautiful centre decoration, many tufted yellow stamens with red antlers. Its common name St. John's Wort, comes from the fact that it is the custom in some parts of Europe to gather the flowers to decorate dwellings on St. John's Day. The other shrub is Heliotrope, known in England as "Cherrypie" and in Italy as Vaniglia; it is attractive chiefly on account of the sweet perfume in its heliotrope flowers. Opposite the north border and on other side of entrance walk in vicinity of church entrance, is the fishpond, bordered on one side by begonias of the large variety, Woodwardia ferns, bracken, a Kentia Palm—these plants being shaded by two large Cotoneasters (Pannosa) whose drooping branches are in the winter months so heavily laden with scarlet berries that their tips reach the water in the fishpond.

All this shrubbery fills a corner in the church walls near the entrance door; within the fishpond and bordering it are various water plants and grasses, and mossy mats of Helixine and frail fronds of Maidenhair fern tremulously peep forth from cool dark crevices in the rocks piled up round the edge of the fishpond. Adjoining the fishpond and really forming part of it, is an alpine rockgarden containing a number of alpine forms of geranium, thyme, rosemary, veronica, geum, hypericum, erodium. Included with them are the more commonly known rockplants such as alyssum, heath, campanulas, thrift, globularias, saxifrages etc.; there are also bulbous plants such as freesias and tritonias, tulips, hyacinths, ornitholagum, iris, tigridia, anemones and ranunculus and narcissi of various kinds. In the background of this miniature rockgarden are dwarf shrubs—such as Retinospora Plumosa Nana—an exquisitely foliaged little coniferous shrub; Mugho—an odd roundheaded little mountain pine and over a dozen varieties of Heather, in between which are to be seen dwarf Cotoneasters, an Azalea, Raphiolepis (a harmless variety, that is, with non-poisonous berries), a dwarf Teucrium and Pomegranate.

At the end of the Alpine rock garden, as we like to term it, the grass lawn joins the fence and from here sightseers generally cross over to the gate and out once more on to the sidewalk, wending their way this time, however, down the hill towards the Parish Hall which is built on to the lower end of the church. The ground slopes steeply away from the fence and also from the ridge of large rocks which bounds the Alpine rockgarden on this side; a ridge which begins

where the fence ends (in a simulated wrecked condition), skirting the Alpine rockgarden and ending in a great tumbled mass at the western end of the fishpond.

On the bank side below fence and this ridge, are dwarf Pyracanthas and Cotoneasters; an interesting and beautiful variegated Sage and a sweet little winterblooming shrub known as Libonia floribunda —its flowers, coneshaped, after a somewhat elongated fashion, are yellow set off by red coloring round the base. A strange companion is a variety of Solanum (related to the Potato family)—as its flowers show very clearly; its leaves, however. are covered, back and front with sharp thorns—which one does not expect even from a distant relation of the spud family.

In this vicinity is a gorgeous shrub, when in flower; Grevillea banksi with its large curiously shaped heads of brilliant red flowers of elaborate design. Nepeta Mussini is near by—its blue flowers contrasting well with its gray trailing foliage whose fragrance cats delight to enjoy by sprawling and tumbling upon it. Here, too, succulents are well represented by Aloes of various kinds, Echeverias, Euphorbias Mesembryanthemums, Aeoniums, etc. Amongst other plants too numerous to be mentioned is a variety of Gazania called "Fiesta"; it is of a wonderful reddish brown—a blaze of color on a sunny day about noon; Cupheas—one variety of which has long tubular flowers of brilliant scarlet tipped at end with grey (from which it derives its popular name of "cigarette plant"; Hypericums of two varieties, Heathers, dwarf Junipers of various kinds; Thyme, associated in our minds with colder climes, sits happily on a steep slope of ground, neighbored by a semi-tropical fruit tree, a dwarf Pomegranate; Plumbago larpentae is here with its lovely deep blue flowers; Lopezia, also, a trailing winter bloomer and covered then with small pink flowers so like, in form, to that of a mosquito, as to obtain for it the name of "mosquito vine." Another trailer is also on this bank side, a variety of Lantana which flowers profusely and mauvely from early spring to late fall; Convolvulus mauritanicus, too, must not be forgotten — another sprawling plant, native to the region of Mauritania in North Africa, and whose pretty blue flowers are a joy to behold, unless perhaps you are a gardener and have to keep this rambling plant within bounds; Cerastium tomentosa, grey foliaged and using tiny white flowers to call attention to itself. Two other investigating plants which, although decorative, are likely to be a source of worry to the caretaker of a garden, are here to be seen, "Mexican primrose" and what is called in England "Alpine daisy"—the former has a pretty pink cupshaped flower and the latter attractively cut foliage and quantities of white and pink daisy like flowers of miniature kind. Amongst these shrubs are to be seen, here and there, pinks, thrifts, and bordering the sidewalk where moisture tends to stay longer, are masses of pink and white daisies and blue lobelias of several kinds; bulbs, too, such as Tritonias, Fressias, Anemones and Ranunculus make a pleasing show of color in the spring months.

Further down, in the more shady section of this hillside stands high up, (at the base of rock wall hiding fishpond and whose crevices are filed with tiny rock plants), some shadeloving shrubs, such as a red-flowering camellia, a pink blooming hydrangea. Below these, is the great charred stump of an old tree —brought here to add to the woodsy effect desired in this region. Round its base and inside the stump grow maidenhair ferns and also, as elsewhere in this cool retreat, bulbs such as Narcissi of various kinds, Dutch Iris, Easter Lilies as well as specimens of Lilium regale, Auratum, Rubrum and Tigridium. Some large shrubs fill up the lower part of this area, such as Rhododendron, Spiraea, Euonymus (variegated—yellow and green) English Holly, Abelia, Daphne, Myrtle (variegated) and Chorizema. In between these shrubs are numerous cinerarias—in spring glorious with velvety purple and deep blue blooms, beautiful masses of color; Myosotis or "Forget-me-nots" as well as primroses and primulas and small begonias, each have some nook or corner here. Amongst the shrubs mentioned, the Rhododendron must take pride of place, for its immense pale pink blooms of wonderfully constructed form are, to the flower lover, entrancing to behold; the Spiraea is, of course, also very lovely, when decked with its long sprays of white blossoms; very different, in feature of attraction, is the English Holly beside it —with its glossy dark green prickly foliage and bright red berries—a sturdy shrub, almost defiant in its strength and vigor; the Daphne, with its deliciously perfumed flowers will, at least in spring, not be overlooked very likely by the visitor.

We now come to a gravel path which leads from sidewalk to a side entrance to the Parish Hall; a few feet along this path a little track leads off from it to the left and up towards the old tree stump previously referred to. Between the track and the church walls is a shady area of another kind; its border composed of weatherbeaten logs from an old oak tree. At the

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base of this border, violets modestly peep forth, and trailing over it from above are maidenhair, campanulas and hollyfern; in and amongst them stand begonias, columbines, primulas, heucheras joined in early spring by daffodils and tulips and easterlillies. A thriving Cocos plumosa palm stands in the midst of this border and round its base and filling the space behind are several very large woodwardia ferns, tall growing begonias of various kinds, two fuschias—one, the single pink and red; the other, a single purple and red variety. Descending to the gravel path we find, after skirting a projection of church wall, another border containing shade loving plants or plants which do not suffer from lack of sunshine. Here is a Pyracantha crenulata with it bright berries; next to it is a genista, or broom as it is generally called. An attractive shrub in this border is a tall Pittosporum tobira, whose glossy dark green leaves form a pleasant contrast to the cream color of the church wall against which it stands. Next to it is an abelia and in a corner, a single white and red fuchsia growing at the base of a beautiful Australian tree-fern. On the right of the gravel path on which we have loitered, is a plot bounded on other side by sidewalk from which we diverged. Here the main feature in the center, is an olive.

A beautiful sight in this olive tree plot, is for a brief period in February, a dwarf Acacia or Mimosa, as the Italians call it; its gray, feathery foliage is loaded down at that season of the year with little fluffy yellow balls of blossom. A curious type of fuchsia stands in a corner of this plot—its flowers of purplish hue and of a different shape and appearance to other varieties of fuschia; its botanical name has not yet been ascertained. A dracaena occupies another corner—near main entrance to the Parish Hall; at its base is another type of single white and red Fuschia peeping out from amongst bracken which fills this corner nook. There are more Pyracanthas and Cotoneasters in this vicinity—one of the latter—a dwarf variety—has laid its branches flat along the surface of a large rock and making a pretty pattern with its foliage thereon. An Eugenia stands up straight and tall against the church wall; this tree is a native of Australia and in addition to possessing attractive foliage, it not only produces masses of pretty white flowers but berries also, which are said to make a delicious jam. A large rounded green shrub near the sidewalk (a lovely mass of scented yellow flowers in spring) is a variety of broom or genista as this family is botanically referred to—which remark reminds one of the story told of a young lady who enquired of a gardener the name of a certain plant which attracted her attention; the gardener gave the information and then added, "it belongs to the Petunia family." "Oh, I see," was the response, "and I suppose you are looking after it while the family is away?" Small shrubs on this olive tree plot, as it has been called, are Marguerite (the yellow flowering variety); Agathea coelestis with its pretty blue marguerite like blooms—so similar, that it is sometimes called "the blue marguerite; Agrostemma Coronaria (Rose Campion) which produces bright crimson flowers with silvery white foliage — a wonderfully striking contrast; Rehmannia, a coarse leaved plant which dies down in winter but in spring and summer compensates by growing tall and stately and exhibiting for a long period bignonia-like flowers of a lovely mauve tint. Many kinds of succulents adorn this plot and although not so shady a position as others in the garden, many little shade-loving plants, such as primula, browallia and bulbs of the narcissus type, seen to thrive here under the protecting foliage of the olive tree. There are some spots, however, which receive the hottest sunshine of the day in summer and here the brilliantly colored little portulacas revel in the heat and love to show off their gorgeous coloring against a rocky backround; probably much to the disapproval of a little shrub which stands sentry at the entrance to the Parish Hall—this is Box, its foliage always fresh and green and neat and compact—a very prim and proper little shrub (and who knows it, too!)

The rocks in this plot and the rest of the garden surrounding the western side of the Parish Hall are of different appearance to those on the higher portions of the church garden, which are chiefly of blue granite, rounded in shape and very heavy and very old. geologically; whereas the Parish Hall garden rocks are irregular and sometimes fantastic in shape, often of a pinkish hue and about one third lighter in weight — comparatively young, too, geologically (infants of perhaps 5 or 10 million years of age.) The shapes of some of these rocks are interesting and the largest group, which stands near the entrance to the Parish Hall door, gives a most realistic picture in stone of a ram resting beside a great 3 ton boulder. Another rock looks just like a squatting toad and amongst some of the other rocks, resemblances to animal and even human forms and faces may be detected by the close observer.

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(Ed. Note: This interesting, instructive and actual inventory of plants gives a picture of gardening as is, under subtropical conditions. It is continued from last issue and will be concluded in the following.)

REFUGEES

(Continued from Page 3)

whites, which are rare; in causing large numbers to bloom at New Year's, Mother's Day, and other definite occasions.

Developing orchids that will stand up is most important. Orchids from Puget Sound must ride well to Chicago for a wedding, must fly in good shape to Minneapolis for Easter corsages, or to Alaska on order. They are packed in sealed tubes of water and protected by shredded wax paper; and always, because they are epiphytic, they must have air.

Mr. Beall, who belongs to the generation which eschews any display of sentiment, explains that his purchase of these choice English orchids was just good business, that English owners were glad to sell, not only because of the danger of destruction but because of a shortage of fuel. Then he adds, "And, of course, no grower wants to see fine orchids ruined." This last, somehow, seems to be the real answer, that these plants, like well-bred children, have been evacuated here for safekeeping, for the duration.

—Kate Archibald in The Christian Science Monitor.

GLEANINGS

By Vivian W. Scott

(Continued from Page 6)

extent of rating the entrees on their artistic merits, both in relation to their value in the garden, and in flower arrangements. Mrs. Andrews believes that a woman on the committee, who has had experience on culture and arrangement of plant material, would help.

Phlox drummondi, Salmon Glory, has been grown in full sun and in un-enriched soil and is now a "must have."

The 1940 petunia, "Glow," is a glorious color, a prolific bloomer of good habits. "Antirrhinum Rosalie" as perfect a snap-dragon as ever adorned a garden should have exchanged medals with the Ageratum Midget Blue, the writer thought.

Aster, "Rose Marie" proved less outstanding than the giant early "Light Blue" but a worthy companion as is also "Peach Blossom." Flowers five inches in diameter were the rule rather than the exception.

QUESTION—Can you tell me how to get rid of silverfish? They are ruining a number of valuable books on my shelves.—Mrs. M.

ANSWER—Insecticide dusts or poison baits are ordinarily quite effective. Among the former are pyethrum powder, powdered borax and a half and half mixture of sodium fluoride and flour. Inasmuch as silverfish infest book bindings for the purpose of getting at starch paste and glue, a poison bait prepared by thoroughly mixing one pint of flour and a half an ounce of white arsenic, adding sufficient water to make a thin paste and spread around books and shelves on tins or cards, is very effective indeed. This material, of course, would have to be kept out of the reach of children and pets.

NOTICE

Another Question and the Answer to the query in the thoughts of many associatioan members. Dispossion is not without its brighter side. Clinton G. Abbott has graciously offered facilities of the Natural History Museum as a meeting place for those perennially hardy gardeners who will carry on the good work as an antidote for perilous thoughts and apathy. W. Allen Perry will speak of people in February and possibly relate the species to that continual warfare in the plant world which brings out the best and the worst in survival. Go to the west ground floor entrance near Redwood Exhibit. This is only one block from the carline. Parking will be available for cars.

By an act of legislature approved in 1917, the wild native forget-me-not was established as the territorial and floral emblem of Alaska.

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